THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF
RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE
Arch. G
f. 1

876.

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F.R.S.S.A.

Malone
876
= Arch. G f. 1

* Dr. Pegge (commonly called Old Pegge) died 14th. February 1796, in his 92d year.

This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr. Chalmers, at Dr. Pegge's* sale, in 1796. It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value.
By an oversight of Mr. Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Chalmers obtained it easily for £3.15.6, without much competition, and Stevens was enraged to find that it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it.

This play was written by Christopher Marlowe, but until the discovery of this volume, among Dr. Pegge's stores, in 1796, all the Commentators on Shakspeare were unaware that it had been printed in 1595. Without seeing this, Mr. Malone showed, pretty evidently that Shakspeare's third part of King Henry Vi had been borrowed from a previous work of Christopher Marlowe. (See Malone's Shakspeare, Ed. 1790, Vol. i, p. 279-282, and Vol. Vi p. 381

p. 381. Mr. Chalmers, by obtaining this rare volume in 1796, was enabled to confirm Mr. Malone's reasoning and to show how closely Shakspeare had copied from Marlowe's work. (See his Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers, p. 293-300)

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Shakespeare.

The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt,

with the whole contention betweene the two Houſes Lancaſter and Yorke, as it was ſundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his ſeruants.

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal. 1595.

The true Tragedie of Richard Duke *of Yorke, and the good King* Henry the Sixt.

Enter *Richard* Duke of Yorke, The Earle of *Warwicke*, *The Duke of* Norffolke, *Marquis Montague*, *Edward Earle of March*, *Crookeback Richard*, and the yong *Earle of Rutland*, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roſes in their hats.

Warwike.

I Wonder how the king eſcapt our hands.

Yorke. Whilſt we purſude the horſemen of the North,
He ſlilie ſtole awaie and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumland,
Whoſe warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreſt (ſlain.
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers
Edw. Lord *Staffords* father Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerouſlie,

I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of *Wiltshires*
Bloud, whom *I* encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what *I* did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of *Summerset?*
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*
Rich. Thus doe *I* hope to shape king *Henries* head.
War. And so do *I* victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king *Henries* heires.
York. Assist me then sweet *Warwike*, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords; for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp *Lancaster*.
Dares stirre a wing if *Warwike* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king *Henrie* the sixt, with the Duke of *Exceter*, The Earle of *Northumberland*, the Earle of *Westmerland* and *Clifford*, the Earle of *Cumberland*, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwike* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father.
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.
West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe.
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,

And they haue troopes of ſoldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is ſlaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* hart
To make a ſhambles of the parlement houſe.
Coſen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vſe.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, deſcend my throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine. (*York.*
Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee D. of
York. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitor to the crowne.
In following this vſurping *Henry*.
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall king.
War. True *Clif.* and that is *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
King. And ſhall I ſtande while thou ſitteſt in my throne?
York. Content thy ſelfe it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be king.
Weſt. Why? he is both king & Duke of *Lancaſter*,
And that the Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſhall maintaine.
War. And *Warwike* ſhall diſproue it. You forget
That we are thoſe that chaſte you from the field
And ſlew your father, and with colours ſpred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No *Warwike* I remember it to my griefe,
And by his ſoule thou and thy houſe ſhall rew it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy ſonnes,

Thy kinſmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, leaſt in reuenge thereof,
I ſend thee *Warwike* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reueng his death before I ſtirre.
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I skorn thy worthles threats
York. Will ye we ſhew our title to the crowne,
Or elſe our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field?
King. What title haſte thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* earle of *March*,
I am the ſonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin ſtoope, and ſeazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *France* ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
King. The Lord protector loſt it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you loſe,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head,
Edw. Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou louſt & honorſt armes,
Lets fight it out and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace ſonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king *Henry* leaue to ſpeake. (me?
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeekeſt thou to depoſe
Are we not both both *Plantagenets* by birth,

And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.

War. Proue it *Henrie* and thou shalt be king?

King. Why *Henrie* the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.

York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.

King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?

War. What then?

King. Then am I lawfull king For *Richard*
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to *Henrie* the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

York. I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.

War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

King. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exceter*?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

Nor-

Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king *Henry* shall be thus deposde?

War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.

North. Tush *Warwike*, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of
Kent that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

Cliff. King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule.

York. *Henry* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?

War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.

King. O *Warwike*, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fieldes.

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this for *England* and himselfe?

Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West.

West. I cannot ſtaie to heare theſe Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I, Come coſen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maiſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpiſde. *Exit.*
Exet. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not
yeeld my Lord.
King. Ah *Exeter?*
War. Why ſhould you ſigh my Lord?
King. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwike*, but my ſonne
Whom I vnnaturallie ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to ceaſe theſe ciuill
Broiles, and whilſt I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.
War. Long liue king *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace
him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward ſonnes.
York. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes,
Sound Trumpets.
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to *Wakefield*
To my caſtell. *Exit Yorke* and his ſonnes.
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my ſouldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And *Ile* to *Norffolke* with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to the ſea from whence I came. *Exit.*
Exit.

Enter the *Queene* and the *Prince.*

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile ſteale away.
King. And ſo will *I.*
Queene. Naie ſtaie, or elſe I follow thee.
King Be patient gentle *Queene*, and then Ile ſtaie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou haſt vndoone thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the houſe of *Yorke*.
Art thou a king and wilt be forſt to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the ſouldiers ſhould haue toſt
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow ſeas. And thinkſt thou then
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldeſt to the houſe of *Yorke*.
The Northen Lords that haue forſworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they ſee them ſpred,
And ſpread they ſhall vnto thy deepe diſgrace.
Come ſonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle *Margaret*, and here me ſpeake.
Queene. Thou haſt ſpoke too much alreadie, therefore be ſtill.
King. Gentle ſonne *Edwarde*, wilt thou ſtaie with me?
Quee I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King. Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the prince

Her

Her ſonne,
Makes hir in ſune thus forget hir ſelfe.
Reuenged maie ſhee be on that accurſed Duke.
Come coſen of *Exeter*, ſtaie thou here,
For *Clifford* and thoſe Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards *Wakefield*, to diſturbe the Duke.

Enter *Edward*, and *Richard*, and *Montague*.

Edw. Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue mee leaue to ſpeake.

Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*.

York. Howe nowe ſonnes what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?

Rich. No father, but a ſweete contention, about that which concernes your ſelfe and vs, The crowne of England father.

York. The crowne boy, why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhall raigne in quiet till
His death.

Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.

Rich. And if it pleaſe your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your grace the waie to ſaue your oath,
And diſpoſſeſſe king *Henrie* from the crowne.

Yorke I prethe *Dicke* let me heare thy deuiſe.

Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment

Being

Being not ſworne before a lawfull magiſtrate.
Henry is none but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath,
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke I, ſaiſt thou ſo boie? why then it ſhall be ſo.
I am reſolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With vvhom the *Kentiſhmen* vvill vvillinglie riſe:
Thou coſen *Montague*, ſhalt to *Norffolke* ſtraight,
And bid the Duke to muſter vppe his ſouldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſentlie.
And *Richard* thou to *London* ſtrait ſhalt poſt,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwike*
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint *Albons* ten daies hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* caſtell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes? Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thouſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland and *Weſtmerland*, and others of the
Houſe of *Lancaſter*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your caſtell heere.

Enter ſir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortimer*.

Yorke A Gods name, let them come. Coſen *Montague* poſt you hence: and boies ſtaie you with me.

Sir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortemers* mine vncles,

Your

Your welcome to *Sandall* in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to beſiedge vs.
Sir *Iohn*. Shee ſhall not neede my Lorde, weele meete
her in the field.
York. What with fiue thouſand ſouldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what ſhould you feare?
York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
In *Normandie*, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of *Rutland* and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtell,
And flie to *Wakefield* ſtraight.
Enter *Clifford*.
Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh ſaue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplein.
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,

And ſo he walkes inſulting ouer his praie,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limmes in ſunder,
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy wordes ſhoulde
enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a
Man, and *Clifford* cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould *I* dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my hart.
The ſight of anie of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till *I* root out that curſſed line
And leaue not one on earth, *I*le liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before *I* take my death.
To thee *I* praie: Sweet *Clifford* pittie me.
Clif. *I*, ſuch pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. *I* neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill
mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere *I* was borne:
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pittie me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,

He be as miſerablie ſlaine as *I*.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
And when *I* giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe? Thy Father ſlew my father, therefo
Die.
Plantagenet I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy ſonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. Ex
Alarmes, Enter the Duke of *Yorke ſolus*.
Yorke Ah *Yorke*, poſt to thy caſtell, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt thou houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thriſe happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my ſonne;
But this I know they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my ſight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twiſe ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In bloud of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.
Oh harke, *I* heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to ſaue my life? And heere *I* ſtaie:
And heere my life muſt end.

Enter the *Queene*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*, and ſouldiers.

Co

Come bloudie *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*,
Clif. I, to ſuch mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My aſhes like the *Phœnix* maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why ſtaie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens pierſing tallents:
So deſperate theeues all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainſt the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that ſlaunderſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes, twiſe two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford* for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote awaie?

Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres,
Fight and take him.

Cliff. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.

North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.

York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him?

Queen. Braue warriors, *Clifford* & *Northumberland*
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?
Or where is that valiant *Crookback* prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie *Yorke*?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?

Thou

Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for *Yorke*? and Lords bow low to him.
So: hold you his hands, whilst *I* doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great *Plantagenet*,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our *Henry* had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of *France*, but worse than Wolues of
France:
Whose tongue more poison'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom *Fortune* captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless,

Thy father beares the type of king of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sisiles* and *Ierusalem*,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verified:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
Hovv couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorceless.
Bids thou me rage? why novv thou hast thy vvill
Wouldst haue me weepe? vvhy so thou hast thy vvish
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrevv me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie can I checke mine eies from teares.

York.

York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthlesse *Queene* a hapless fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And say, alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy tvvo cruell hands.
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting teares.

Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

Queene. Off with his head and set it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* maie ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke*.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be reſolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a lion midſt a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

Three ſunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious ſun,
Daſell mine eies or doe I ſee three ſuns?

Rich Three glorious ſuns, not ſeperated by a racking
Cloud, but ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining skie.
See, ſee, they ioine, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowde ſome league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſun,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou? that looke ſt ſo heauilie?

Meſ. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was ſlaine.

Edw. O ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for *I* will heare it all.

Meſ.

Meſ. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then purſu'de by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
And manie ſouldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forſt the Duke to yeeld:
And then they ſet him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high deſpite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweet young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloudy ſwordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke* our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules pallace is become a priſon.
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breaſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioie.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moiſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white roſe be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Richard, I bare thy name, and *I*le reuenge thy death,
Or die my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing gainſt the ſunne.

For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome faire,
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of *Warwike*, *Montague*, with drum, ancient, and ſouldiers.

War. How now faire Lords; what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah *Warwike*? ſhould we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance ſtab poinyardes
In our fleſh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguiſh then the wounds,
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of *Yorke* is ſlaine.

Edw. Ah *Warwike Warwike*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne *L. Clifford*, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tidings as ſwiftlie as the poſt could runne,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the *King*,
Muſtred my ſouldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie vvell appointed as I thought,
Marcht to ſaint *Albons* to entercept the *Queene*,
Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along,
For by my ſcoutes I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in parliament,
Touching king *Henries* heires and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,

Our

Our battels ioinde, and both ſides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldneſſe of the king,
He looktfull gentlie on his warlike *Queene*,
That robde my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene.
Or whether twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our ſouldiers like the night Owles laſie flight,
Or like an idle threſher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they ſmote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the *Queene*,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my ſelfe,
In haſt, poſt haſt, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwike*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie ſent
From your kind Aunt, Duches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of ſouldiers gainſt this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwike* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſute,
But nere till now thy ſcandall of retire.

War.

War. Nor now my ſcandall *Richard* doſt thou heare,
For thou ſhalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull ſcepter from his fiſt:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildneſſe, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwike* blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of ſteele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the laſt, ſaie *I*, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *Warwike* came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother *Montague.*
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting king like waxe.
He ſware conſent to your ſucceſsion,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate his oath or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of *Lancaſter.*
Their power *I* geſſe them fifty thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of *Norffolke* and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to 48. thouſand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of *March*,
Among the louing Welſhmen canſt procure,

Why

Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foming ſteedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwike* ſpeake:
Nere maie he liue to ſee a ſunſhine daie,
That cries retire, when *Warwike* bids him ſtay.
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, muſt *Edward* fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
War. No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *Yorke*,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England ſhalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of *Norffolke* ſends you word by me,
The *Queene* is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your companie for ſpeedie councell.
War. Why then it ſorts braue Lordes. Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *King* and *Queene*, Prince *Edward*, and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of *York*,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That ſought to be impaled with your crowne.

Doth

Doth not the obiect pleaſe your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes pleaſe them that feare their wracke.

Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie muſt be laid aſide,
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle lookes?
Not to the beaſt that would vſurpe his den.
Whoſe hand is that the ſauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoiles his young before his face.
Whoſe ſcapes the lurking ſerpentes mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in reſcue of their broode,
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his ſonne a king,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing ſire.
Thou being a king bleſt with a goodlie ſonne,
Didſt giue conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argude thee a moſt vnnaturall father.
Vnreaſonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe ſame wings
Which they haue ſometime vſde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their neſt,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame my Lord, make them your preſident,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,

Should

ſhould loſe his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter ſaie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happie euer was it for that ſonne,
Whoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the preſent profit counteruaile.
Ah coſen *Yorke*, would thy beſt friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promiſde knighthood to your princelie ſonne.
Vnſheath your ſword and ſtraight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe *Edward*.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a knight,
And learne this leſſon boy, draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vſe it to the death.

Northum.

Northum. Why that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royall commaunders be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fiftie thouſand men,
Comes *Warwike* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*.
And in the townes whereas they paſſe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highneſſe would depart the field,
The *Queene* hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.

Clif. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince, Good father cheere theſe noble Lords,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet father crie Saint *George*.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the houſe of *Yorke*.

Edward. Now periurde *Henrie* vvilt thou yeelde thy crovvne,
And kneele for mercie at thy ſoueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus male pert,
Before thy king and lawfull ſoueraigne?

Edw. I am his king, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſon in.

Clif.

Clif. And reaſon *George*. Who ſhould ſucceede the father but the ſon?

Rich. Are you their butcher?

Clif. I Crookbacke, here I ſtand to anſwere thee, or any of your ſort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not ſatisfide.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſynald to the fight.

War. What ſaieſt thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you ſpeake?
When you and *I* met at ſaint *Albones* laſt,
Your legs did better ſeruice than your hands.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour *Clifford*, that droue mee thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwike*, that could make you ſtaie.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for ſcarſe
I can refraine the execution of my big ſwolne
Hart, againſt that *Clifford* there, that
Cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why I kild thy father, calſt thou him a child?

Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*.
But ere ſunne ſet Ile make thee curſe the deed.

King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me ſpeake.

Queen. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.

King.

King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou *Henry*, shall *I* haue my right
or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwike* saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule misshapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shameleſſe callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of *France*,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope;
And had he macht according to his state,
He

He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And graceſt thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd theſe tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our summer brought the
gaine,
And that the harueſt brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer ceaſe to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou denieſt the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or elſe a graue.
Quee. Staie *Edward* staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will coſt ten thousand liues to daie.
Exeunt Omnes. Alarmes.
Enter *Warwike.*
War. Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For stroakes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,

Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinnews of their ſtrength,
And force perforce needes muſt *I* reſt my ſelfe.

Enter *Edward.*

Edw. Smile gentle heauens or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnleſſe we gaine the daie:
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmeleſſe line of *Yorkes* true houſe?

Enter *George.*

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Leſt they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good?

Enter *Richard* running.

Rich. Ah *Warwike*, why haſte thou withdrawne thy ſelfe?
Thy noble father in the thickeſt thronges,
Cride ſtill for *Warwike* his thrife valiant ſon,
Vntill with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And manie wounds made in his aged breſt,
And as he tottering ſate vpon his ſteede,
He waſt his hand to me and cride aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſonne,
And ſtill he cride *Warwike* reuenge my death,
And with thoſe words he tumbled off his horſe,
And ſo the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horſe becauſe I will not flie:
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paſſe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, Idee bend my knees with thine,

And

And in that vow now ioine my ſoule to thee,
Thou ſetter vp and puller downe of kings,
vouchſafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we looſe the daie:
George. Then let vs haſte to cheere the ſouldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will ſtand to vs,
And hiely promiſe to remunerate
Their truſtie ſeruice, in theſe dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come awaie, and ſtand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
Warwike farewel.
War. Awaie awaie, once more ſweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter *Richard* at one dore
and *Clifford* at the other.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford.*
Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard.*
Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* & young *Rutlands* death,
This thirſty ſword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and ſluſe thy curſed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou haſt made.
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that ſtabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres theſe hands that ſlew thy ſire and brother,

To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters *Warwike* and reſcues *Richard*, & then *exeunt omnes*.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter *Henry ſolus*.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on v
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes,
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This woful battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might ſtaie theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when *I* was thence,
Would God that I were dead ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a ſouldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to daie,
Maie be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to find them if I can,
But ſtay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight,
From London was I preſt out by the king,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other ſouldier with a dead man.

2. *Sould.*

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſte,
But ſtaie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my ſonne that *I* haue ſlaine in fight,
O monſtrous times begetting ſuch euents,
How cruel, bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too ſone.

King Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilſt Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our ſtriuing houſes,
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh,
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſand liues muſt periſh.

1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?

King. How will the people now miſdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could ſatisfie.

1. *Sould.* Was euer ſon ſo rude his fathers bloud to ſpil?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father ſo vnnaturall his ſon to kill?

King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed ſtill?

1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accurſed place,
For wo is me to ſee my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For *I* haue murdered where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

K Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes and enter the *Queene.*

Queen. Awaie my Lord to *Barwicke* presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

Enter prince *Edward.*

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter *Exeter.*

Exet. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with (him:
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.
K Hen. Naie staie good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter *Clifford* wounded, with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king *Henry* light:
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friendes to thee,
And now *I* die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus* hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
And as thy father and his father did,

Gi-

Giuing no foot vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and cureless are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands *I* haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwike* and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter *Edward*, *Richard* and *Warwike*, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are graft with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwike* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled awaie with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?
Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.
Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,

Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtabd our princelie father Duke of *Yorke*.
War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there,
Inſteed of that, let his ſupplie the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatall skrichowle to
our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.
War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.
Say *Clifford*, dooſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſaie.
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.
George. *Richard* if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. *Clifford* deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you
now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt
wont.
Rich. What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead,
Tis

Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hees dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull king.
From thence ſhall *Warwike* croſſe the ſeas to *France*,
And aske the ladie *Bona* for thy *Queene*,
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes togither,
And hauing *France* thy friend thou needſt not dread,
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt Ile ſee the coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to *France*,
To effect this marriage if it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwike* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe.
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*, and girt thee with
the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*.
Warwike as my ſelfe ſhal do & vndo as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tuſh thats a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard be Duke of *Gloſter*. Now to London,

To

To ſee theſe honors in poſſeſsion. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſtands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But ſtaie, heere comes a man, lets liſten him a while.

Enter king *Henrie* diſguiſde.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde to greet my natiue land.
No, *Henrie* no, *It* is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right,
For how canſt thou helpe them and not thy ſelfe?
Keeper. I marrie ſir, here is a deere, his skin is a
Keepers fee. Sirra ſtand cloſe, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king *Edward* hath depoſde.
Hen. My *Queene* and ſonne poore ſoules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding *Warwike*,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie *Bona*,
If this be true, poore *Queene* and ſonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a prince ſoone wun with words,
And *Warwike* is a ſubtill Orator.
He laughes and ſaies, his Edward is inſtalde,
She weepes, and ſaies her *Henry* is depoſde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left ſide crauing aide for *Henry*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I ſeeme, for leſſe I ſhould not be.
A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

Keeper

Keeper. I but thou talkeſt as if thou wert a king thy ſelfe.
Hen. Why ſo I am in mind though not in ſhew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe ſeldome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, muſt be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, *K. Edward* hath depoſde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter king *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Gloſter*, *Montague*,
Haſtings, and the Lady *Gray*.

K Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloceſter*,
This ladies husband heere ſir *Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of ſaint *Albones* did loſe his life,
His lands then were ſeazed on by the conqueror.
Her ſute is now to repoſſeſſe thoſe lands,
And ſith in quarrell of the houſe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did loſe his life,
In honor we cannot denie her ſute.
Glo. Your highneſſe ſhall doe well to grant it then.
K Edw. I, ſo I will, but yet Ile make a pauſe.
Glo. I, is the wind in that doore?
Clarence, I ſee the Lady hath ſome thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble ſute.
Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K Edw.

K Ed. Widow come some other time to know our mind.
La. May it please your grace *I* cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
K Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.
Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K Ed. Come hither widdow, howe many children hast thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.
La. Three my most gratious Lord.
Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.
K Ed. Were it not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.
K Ed. What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?
La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.
Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap.
Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.
La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

K Edw.

K Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes *I* freelie giue thee.
La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a curtsie.
K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?
La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.
K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.
K Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.
La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.
K Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.
La. Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with *I* or no.
K Ed. *I*, if thou saie *I* to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.
K Ed. Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my *Queene*.
Saie that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene*.
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,

I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K Edw. Sweet widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, *I* ſpeake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know *I* am too bad to be your *Queene*,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene*.
La. Your grace would be loath my ſonnes ſhould call
you father.
K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother *I* being but a bacheler
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtlie father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer twas for ſhift.
K Edw. Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And *I* haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If *I* ſhould marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder laſtes.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Edw. Well, ieaſt on brothers, *I* can tell you, his
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken,

Taken, and brought as priſoner to your pallace gates.
K Edw. Awaie with him and ſend him to the Tower,
And let vs go queſtion with the man about
His apprehenſion. Lords along, and vſe this
Ladie honorablie. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloſter and ſpeakes.

Gloſt. I, *Edward* will vſe women honourablie,
Would he were waſted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no iſſue might ſucceed
To hinder me from the golden time *I* looke for,
For *I* am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*
And his ſonne, and all they lookt for iſſue
Of their loines ere *I* can plant my ſelfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a ladies lap,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Why loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for *I* ſhould not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the fleſh,
And plaſte an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where ſits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered ſhrimpe.
To make my legges of an vnequall ſize,
And am *I* then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twentie crownes.
Tut *I* can ſmile, and murder when *I* ſmile,
I crie content, to that that greeues me moſt.

I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change ſhapes with *Protheus*,
And ſet the aſpiring *Catalin* to ſchoole.
Can *I* doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tuſh were it ten times higher, *I*le pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter king *Lewis* and the ladie *Bona*, and *Queene Margaret*, *Prince Edward*, and *Oxford* and others.

Lewes. Welcome *Queene* Margaret to the Court of *France*,
*I*t fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and here *I* vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue aide to repoſſeſſe thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his vſurped ſeat,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. *I* humblie thanke your royall maieſtie,
And pray the God of heauen to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great king of *France*, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter *Warwike*.

Lew. How now, who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwike* Edwardes chiefeſt friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwike*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy Edward king of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
Firſt to do greetings to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And laſtlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous ladie *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,

To Englands king in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humblie to kiſſe your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the paſſions of my ſoueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plaſt thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King *Lewes* and Lady *Bona* heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere *Warwike* or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all theſe wrongs.
War. Iniurious *Margaret*.
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then ſhee is Queene.
Ox. Then *Warwike* diſanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt* wiſe *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wiſe prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *France*,
From theſe our *Henries* lineallie diſcent.
War. *Oxford*, how haps that in this ſmooth diſcourſe
You told not how *Henry* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Me thinkes theſe peeres of *France* ſhould ſmile at that,
But for the reſt you tell a pettigree
Of threeſcore and two yeares a ſillie time,
To make preſcription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwike*, canſt thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirtie and eight yeeres,

And bewray thy treasons with a blush?
War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue *Henry* and call *Edward* king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No *Warwike* no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster.*
War. And I the house of *Yorke.*
K Lewes. Queene *Margaret*, prince *Edward* and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,
Till I doe talke a word with *Warwike.*
Now *Warwike* euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heir.
War. Thereon *I* pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What is he gratious in the peoples eies?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What is his loue to our sister *Bona*?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie, *I* must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret* and be a
Witnesse, that *Bona* shall be wife to the English king.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the English king.
War. Henry now liues in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then *France.*

Sound for a post within.

Lew. Here comes some post *Warwike* to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague.*
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when *Warwike* frets as his.
P. Ed. And marke how *Lewes* stamps as he were nettled.
Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwike*, what are your news?
Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.
War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Quee. This proueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwikes* honestly.
War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope *I* haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of *Edwards.*

No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did *I* let passe the abuse done to my neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henry* from his natiue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious *Queene* pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.
Queen. Yes *Warwike* I doe quite forget thy former
Faults, if now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him,
Lew. Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Bona. Tell him in hope he'le be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Theas

Thears thy reward, begone.
Lew. But now tell me *Warwike*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.
Queen. With all my hart, that match *I* like full wel,
Loue her sonne *Edward*, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to *Warwike* for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon* our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.
War. *I* came from *Edward* as *I* mbassadour
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And *I*le be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter king *Edward*, the *Queene* and *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, and *Montague*, and *Hastings*, and *Penbrooke*, with souldiers.

Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloucester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie *Gray*?

Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwike* and *Lewes*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but *Lewes* and
Warwike, and I am your king and *Warwikes*,
And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother *Richard* are you against vs too?
Glo. Not *I* my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure, (ther,
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel toge-
Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie *Gray*,
Maie not be my loue and Englands *Queene*?
Speake freelie *Clarence*, *Gloster*,
Montague and *Hastings*.
Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,
That *Warwike* beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his injuries.
Glo. And *Lewes* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with *Warwike* to supplant your state.
Edw. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwike* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
Mont. But yet to haue ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speech the Lord *Hastings* wel deserues,
To

To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Edw. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.
Queen. My Lords doe me but right and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands. (France.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from
Enter a Messenger.
Edw. Now sirra, What letters or what newes?
Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes as without
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.
Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said *Lewis* to our letters?
Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.

Go tell falſe *Edward* thy ſuppoſed king,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.
Edw. Is *Lewis* ſo braue, belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?
Meſ. Tel him quoth ſhe, in hope heele proue a widdow-
er ſhortly, Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake.
Edw. She had the wrong, indeed ſhe could ſaie
Little leſſe. But what ſaide *Henries* Queene, for as
I heare, ſhe was then in place?
Meſ. Tell him quoth ſhee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.
Edw. Then belike ſhe meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what ſaid *Warwike* to theſe iniuries?
Meſ. He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durſt the traytor breath out ſuch proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what is *Warwike* friendes with *Margaret*?
Meſ. I my good Lord, theare ſo linkt in friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwikes* daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and *Warwike*
Follow me. *Exit Clarence* and *Summerſet*.
Edw. *Clarence* and *Summerſet* fled to *Warwike*.
What ſaie you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?
Glo. I my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall
Withſtand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and ſtand to it, for if

I would, I cannot runne awaie.
Edw. *Penbrooke*, go raiſe an armie preſentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to reſt, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwike* ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You of all the reſt are neereſt allied
In bloud to *Warwike*, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.
Monta. So God helpe *Montague* as he proues true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings* as hee fauours *Edwards* cauſe.
Edw. It ſhall ſuffice, come then lets march awaie.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Warwike* and *Oxford*, with ſouldiers.
War. Truſt me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Sommerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwike*.
And welcome *Sommerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence* my daughter ſhal be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being careleſſie encampt,

His

His ſouldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guarde,
We maie ſurpriſe and take him at our pleaſure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie eaſie,
Then crie king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwike* and his friends God and ſaint *George*.
War. This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
All. A *Warwike*, a *Warwike*.

Alarmes, and *Gloſter* and *Haſtings* flies.

Oxf. Who goes there? (Duke.
War. *Richard* and *Haſtings* let them go, heere is the
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwike* when we parted
Laſt, thou caldſt me king?
War. I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgraſte me in my embaſſage,
Then *I* diſgraſte you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alaſſe how ſhould you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vſe embaſſadors,
Nor how to vſe your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelfe from enimies.
Edw. Well *Warwike*, let fortune doe her worſt,
Edward in mind will beare himſelfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbiſhop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke* & his followers,
Ile

Ile come and tell thee what the ladie *Bona* ſaies,
And ſo for a while farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exeunt ſome with *Edward*.

Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters to *France*,
To tell the *Queene* of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with ſpeed to ioine with vs.
War. *I* thats the firſt thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haſte awaie, and hauing paſt theſe cares,
Ile poſt to *Yorke*, and ſee how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Gloſter*, *Haſtings*, and ſir *VVilliam Stanly*.

Glo. Lord *Haſtings*, and ſir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know that the cauſe *I* ſent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a ſlender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forreſt heere.
The Biſhop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vſe his pleaſure in the chaſe,
Now I haue priuilie ſent him word,
How *I* am come with you to reſcue him,
And ſee where the huntſman and he doth come.

Enter *Edward* and a Huntſman.

Huntſ This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Edw. No this waie huntſman, ſee where the
Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. *I*, *I*, the horſe ſtands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and ſo take ſhipping into *Flanders*.
Edw. Come then: *Haſtings*, and *Stanlie*, *I* will

Re-

Requite your loues. Biſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwikes* frowne,
And praie that I maie repoſſeſſe the crowne.
Now huntſman what will you doe?
Hunt. Marrie my Lord, I thinke *I* had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with ſpeed.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *Queene* and the Lord *Riuers*.

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So paſſionate of late?
Queen. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes,
Of that ſucceſſe king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwike*,
Tuſh, feare not faire *Queen*, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King *Edwards* noble mind his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwike* maie looſe, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I, thears my griefe, king *Edward* is ſurpriſde,
And led awaie, as priſoner vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe:
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaſter* at this time muſt perceiue,
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the ſanctuarie,
There to preſerue the fruit within my wombe,

K. *Edwards* ſeed true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, and *Haſtings* with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Raunſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft the gates are ſhut, *I* like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of *Yorke* vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cauſe we ſtand vpon our garde,
And ſhut the gates for to preſerue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are ſworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no leſſe.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Haſt. Why my Lord Maire, what ſtand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.
Mair. Saie you ſo, then *I*le open them preſentlie.

Exit Maire.

Ri. By my faith, a wiſe ſtout captain & ſoone perſwaded.

The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maire, theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:
What, feare not man for *Edward* will defend
the towne and you, deſpight of all your foes.

Enter ſir *Iohn Mountgomery* with drumme and ſouldiers.

How now *Richard*, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir *Iohn Mountgommery*,
A trustie friend vnlesse *I* be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom,
Vntil it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel: Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke,
Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. *I* am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England
and *F*rance, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gain-
saies king *Edwards* right: by this *I* challenge him to
single fight, long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.

For

For this night weele harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Lifes vp his beames aboue this horison
Weele march to London, to meete with *VVarwike*:
And pull false *Henry* from the Regall throne.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *VVarwike* and *Clarence*, with the Crowne, and
then king *Henry*, and *Oxford*, and *Somerset*,
and the yong Earle of *Richmond*.

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am *I* brought
Againe, *Clarence* and *VVarwike* doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.
VVar. What answeres *Clarence* to his soueraignes will?
Cla. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes.
King. My Lord of *Somerset*, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?
Som. And it please your grace, it is yong *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.
King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou prettie boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,

For

For this is he ſhall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to *Warwike*.

War. What Counſell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie Germaines and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is paſt in ſafetie through the narrow ſeas, (London
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes
And manie giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
*I*t will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In *Warwike* ſhire *I* haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will *I* muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence* ſhalt
In *Eſſex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother *Montague*, in *Leiſter* ſhire,
Buckingham and *Northampton* ſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muſter vp thy friends.
My ſoueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and ſtand not to replie,
Farewell my ſoueraigne.
King. Farewel my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope.
War. Farewell ſweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter *Edward* and his traine.

Edw. Seaſe on the ſhamefaſt *Henry*,
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,

Awaie

Awaie with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our courſe
To meet with *Warwike* and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Warwike* on the walles.

War. Where is the poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honeſt fellow?
Oxf poſt. By this at *Daintrie* marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the poſt that came from *Montague*?
Poſt. I left him at *Donſmore* with his troopes.
War. Say *Summerfield* where is my louing ſon?
And by thy geſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Sommer. At *Southham* my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter *Edward* and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the ſurly *Warwike* mans the wal.
War. O vnbid ſpight, is ſpotfull *Edward* come!
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduſte,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Edw. Now *Warwike* wilt thou be ſorrie for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king and he will pardon thee.
War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp and pull'd thee downe?
Call *Warwike* patron and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the king.
Or did he make the ieſt againſt his will.
War. Twas *Warwike* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwikes* gift.

War. I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weakling, *Warwike* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwike* his subiect,
Edw. I prethe gallant *Warwike* tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?
Glo. Alasse that *Warwike* had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are olde *Warwike* still.
War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter *Oxford* with drum and souldiers & al crie,

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*
Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter *Somerset* with drum and souldiers.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

Enter *Montague* with drum and souldiers.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. *Exit.*
Edw. Traitorous *Montague*, thou and thy brother
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

Enter *Clarence* with drum and souldiers.

War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*

Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too?
A parlie sirra to *George* of Clarence.

Sound a Parlie, and *Richard* and *Clarence* whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at *Warwike*.

War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if *Warwike* call.
Cla. Father of *Warwike*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,
And set vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud harted *Warwike* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?
Pardon me *Edward*, for *I* haue done amisse,
And *Richard* doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.
Edw. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.
Edw. Now *Warwike*, wilt thou leane
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?
War. Why *I* am not coopt vppe heere for defence,
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.
Edw. Yes *Warwike* he dares, and leades the waie,
Lords to the field, saint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter *Warwike* wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor *Yorke* or *Warwike*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeerd *Ioues* spreading tree,
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but *I* could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwike* bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that *I* had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter *Oxford* and *Somerset*.

Oxf. Ah *Warwike*, *Warwike*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *France*
And at *South-hampton* landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue then would we neuer flie.
War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie

And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
For *Warwike* bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

He dies.

Oxf Come noble *Somerset*, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the *Queene*,
And once more trie our fortune in the field *Ex. ambo.*

Enter *Edward*, *Clarence*, *Gloster*, with souldiers.

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies.
The bigboond traytor *Warwike* hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames,
I meane those powers which the *Queen* hath got in *Frãce*
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. *Oxford* and *Somerset* are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,

That they doe hold their course towards *Tewxburie*.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie. Ex. Omnes.

Enter the *Queene*, *Prince Edward*, *Oxford* and *Summerset*, with drum and souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to *England*, my louing friends of *Fran*.
And welcome *Summerset*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And *Warwike* as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And *Ned* and *I* as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single *Edward* from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolue,

And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter king *Edward*, *Cla.* *Glo.* *Hast.* and Souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.
Queen. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what *I* should say,
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, *I* drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more
But this. *Henry* your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint *George*.
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaster*.

Alarmes to the battell, *Yorke* flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, *Cla* & *Glo.* & the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for *Yorke*, for *Yorke*, and then the *Queene* is taken, & the prince, & *Oxf.* & *Sum.* and then sound and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to *Hames* caſtell ſtraight,
For *Summerſet* off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them ſpeake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.
Exit Oxford.
Sum. Nor *I*, but ſtoope with patience to my death.
Exit Sum.
Edw. Now *Edward* what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a ſubiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire, and where *I* ſtand kneele thou,
Whilſt *I* propoſe the ſelfeſame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudſt haue me anſwere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had bin ſo reſolu'd:
Glo. That you might ſtill haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue ſtolne the
Breech from *Lancaſter*.
Prince. Let *Aeſop* fable in a winters night,
His curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat *I*le plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods ſake take awaie this captiue ſcold.
Prin Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or *I* will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vnturerd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. *I* know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periurd *George*,
And thou miſhapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.

Edw.

Edw. Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.
Queen. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and ſhall. (much alreadie.
Edw. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue doone too
Glo. Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the world with words?
Edw. What doth ſhe ſwound: make meanes for
Her recouerie?
Glo. *Clarence*, excuſe me to the king my brother,
I muſt to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere you come there, you ſhall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethe tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out
Exit Gloſter.
Queen. Ah *Ned*, ſpeake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canſt not ſpeake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that ſtabd *Cæſar* ſhed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in reſpect a childe,
And men nere ſpend their furie on a child,
Whats worſe then tyrant that *I* maie name,
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As Traitors you haue doone this ſweet young prince.
Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.
Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheath thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, doe thou doe it?
Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee ſo much eaſe.

Queen.

Queen. Good *Clarence* doe, ſweet Clarence kill me too.
Cla. Didſt thou not heare me ſweare *I* would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charitie.
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfauored *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.
Edw. Awaie I ſaie, and take her hence perforce.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. *Ex.*
Edw. *Clarence*, whithers *Gloſter* gone?
Cla Marrie my Lord to London, and as I geſſe, to
Make a bloudie ſupper in the Tower.
Edw. He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſouldiers with paie
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,
To ſee our gentle *Queene* how ſhee doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhee hath a ſonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Gloſter* to king *Henry* in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord *I* ſhould ſaie rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloſter*, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What ſcene of Death hath *Roſius* now to act?
Glo. Suſpition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall buſh,
And I the hapleſſe maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?

That

That taught his ſonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.
Hen. *I Dedalus*, my poore ſonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our courſe,
Thy brother *Edward*, the ſunne that ſearde his wings,
And thou the enuious gulfe that ſwallowed him.
Oh better can my breſt abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike hiſtorie.
Glo. Why doſt thou thinke *I* am an executioner?
Hen. A perſecutor *I* am ſure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſonne I kild for his preſumption.
Hen. Hadſt thou bin kild when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liude to kill a ſonne of mine,
And thus *I* propheſie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water ſtanding eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curſe the time that euer thou wert borne.
The owle ſhrikt at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The night Crow cride, aboding luckleſſe tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempeſts ſhooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in diſmall diſcord ſung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigeſt created lumpe,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree,
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt borne,

To

To signifie thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world — He stabs him.
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, *Ile* heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. He dies.
Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground, *I* had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,
Stab him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that *Henry* told me of,
For *I* haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason think you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O *Iesus* blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
That *I* should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, *I* am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till *I* be best.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy daie of doome.

Exit.

Enter king *Edward*, *Queene Elizabeth*, and a Nurse with the young prince, and *Clarence*, and *Hastings*, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three fold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne,
And two *Northumberlands*, two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwike* and *Montague*,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,

Thus haue we ſwept ſuſpition from our ſeat,
And made our footſtoole of ſecuritie.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my boie,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my ſelfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in ſummers skalding heat,
That thou mightſt repoſſeſſe the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blaſt his harueſt and your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordaind ſo thicke to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome waight or breake my backe,
Worke thou the waie, and thou ſhalt execute.
Edward. Clarence and *Gloſter*, loue my louelie
Queene,
And kiſſe your princely nephew brothers both.
Cla. The dutie that *I* owe vnto your, Maieſtie,
I ſeale vpon the roſiate lips of this ſweet babe.
Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence* worthie brother
thankes.
Gloſter. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
Sprangſt, witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the child,
To ſaie the truth ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maiſter,
And ſo he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
Edward. Nowe am *I* ſeated as my ſoule
delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Ranard her father to the king of *France*,
Hath pawnd the *Cyſſels* and *Ieruſalem*,
And hither haue they ſent it for her ranſome.

Edward

Edw. Awaie with her, and waſte hir hence to *France*,
And now what reſts but that we ſpend the time,
With ſtately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſures of the Court.
Sound drums and *T*rumpets, farewell to ſower annoy,
For heere *I* hope begins our laſting ioie.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTECA · PUBLICA ·

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